

s age and souden joys, we reckless and more aesthetic pleas-have faded, but the tocsin of dinner rings sweetly in the ears of middle Not always with the doctor, the or the artist, but invariably with

bolitician.

ikespeare knew this when he had ar deplore Cassina lean and hungry. There must be mest on the bones of diplomat. The hypnotism of beef proven stronger than the magnetism atory or the aroma of goodness. are the gastronomic inspirations to our politicians. The cocktail.

the esteem of an enthusiastically ful nation. They are found in every today.

Senator who may be known for ag of moment will become famous night by audibly ordering a Lynnostate under his broited quall, and oung and timid Congressman who at the walter to serve a strip of on his grilled steak is at once about by his elders as a man of \$6.

s have been named for men who became familiar to us on bills of Afterward we heard of their silver-

ed speech and their Hyperion curls.

ig laws is a commanutively simple
f. but inventing new dishes is
g himanily with something that
the handed down to generations.

there are still names to conjure
for the result of the transition of the transit

seneration and that the bon vivants of a few years ago finished themselves off prematurely and seem to have left no heirs to their peculiar talents.

Those days, of course, were not so frenzied as our own seem to be. Reputations and advertisement was not so well understood. How much we have learned in the last few years! It is well understood. How much we have learned in the last few years! It is well understood. How much we have learned in the last few years! It is goualities of rice-eating Japan, the diplomacy that is bred of vodks, the mysticism of beer-soaked Germany, the art that flourishes on spaghetti and the diplomacy that is bred of vodks, the warriors but Don Quixote.

All this has come to us in a few years. We have sat at the feet of Oscar and heard the suggestions that fell like pearls from the lips of Philippe. We have tasted curries made by Joe We are no see in the least of the female dwellers in Lonelyville how to devit things in a chafing dish. Fried pie for breakfast has become a Joke with its sand the lips for the least of the female dwellers in Lonelyville how to devit things in a chafing dish. Fried pie for breakfast has become a Joke with its seem of the woman's magazines tell the female dwellers in Lonelyville how to devit things in a chafing dish. Fried pie for breakfast has become a Joke with its sand the female dwellers in Lonelyville how to devit things in a chafing dish. Fried pie for breakfast has become a foke with its and the lips of the conducted to the dearger point through serving Sensitives and buckwheat cakes are no longer eard. The cost cortes in the best families.

If it is true that foods make character and determines ex. then the man who is hot afraid of his dinner is bound to with out. He will be lucky in love and at a cards. The game of political destiny is his.

America, the conqueror, has nover taken seriously to the Continental break-forced proma"—or wellow foods to the story proma"—or wellow foods to the story proma"—or wellow foods to the story proma"—or wellow food

The tastes of politicians may differ, but | personness than their own wives knew. never their appetites. The falling off of hunger means the passing of power. He is ready then to give up the field to more valiant, younger men, who can demolish entables with all the fury of boys at a "prep" school breaking training after a football victory.

'prep' school breaking training after a football victory.

There are Senators who rather brag of their weakness for home made pies that has outlived a cycle of French puddings and Italian ices. And learning this unsatisfied longing—for home made pies may not be bought—dainty hands have prepared the dish and soon after wedding bells have sounded.

The epicureanism of Washington has almost occasioned a revolt. It all began when the first low mutterings of the simple life were heard. One statesman's name

ple life were heard. One statesman's name became identified with buckwheat cakes gastronomical college, bestowing degrees on good feeders.

A man may learn nothing clse there, but he is sure to be taught just how inany minutes a teal takes to be properly undone. The Washington waiter is another Savarin. He is kept at the extremes in his experiences with the politicians who know everything about cocking and the newly-made Henedicts who know nothing. Behold the bridegroom cometh!" means apple sauce and hard to the danger point through serving Senaters and Representatives with betterflies wings a la brochette.

Eating-houses in the city on the Potomate have become famous the world overnot through serving ligh-priced, cold-stored ploma'ne-breeling foods to the music of Hungarian bands, but by placing before ministers of nations dishes that have won discriminating approval in several languages.

personages than their own wives knew.
He was persona grata with those who
juggled affairs of state. He knew their
moods, their weaknesses, their successes
and their defeats. He was aware that
they never gave up dining for debates.
He might have spoken, but he never did.
He respected the confidences of the dinner
table.

He respected the confidences of the dinner table.

He proved the truth of the saying as to the road to masculine esteem. It was no side issue in his life, but rather an absorption that grew more intense when he recognized the influence of foods on men. He helped to pass bills with a pinch of paprika and defeated them with doughy dumplings.

As to the Onion.

There was one time he aroused the entire country to the seriousness of his profession. A newspaper published a Southern method for roasting canvashack, suggesting the addition of minced noint to the dressing. Murrey's experience had taught him that the onion was not only misunderstood, but abhorred by those chosen for the high places of the country. He shared the fashionable prejudices of ar as duck was concerned. He wrote to the newspaper, voicing what he called a sacrilege. He was positively bitter in his indignation. In a few weeks the North and South were again embroiled. The South was solid for onlone, and the Southwon; but the controversy raged for weeks, it was another. "How old is Ann?" Poets, clergymen and doctors took a hand for and against. It had to be admitted in the end that a Southern mammy knows how to cook a both sides. Murrey came on to New York both sides. Murrey came on to New York both sides. Murrey came on to New York but sides. Murrey is the controverse of the stomach, which is time ends with dyspepsia.

The homely American dish-corned beet he homely diverged is very acceptable. The orisket is best, Lean meat to see home a man of weight. The roisket is best, Lean meat the surface of the stomach cornel beet hands homely of such a one as a man of weight. The roisket is best, Lean meat the surface of the stomach cornel beet hands howerything over two hundred pounds. We speak of such a one as a man of weight. The roisket is best, Lean meat the surface of the stomach cannot be such as a political newer bolled potatoes added moistening with clear soup, strong-live it was a political newer believe to get marriage part with a surface of the surface of the province of a transfer of the stoward and a quantity of warm bolled potatoes. The Final Touch.

"Mix these together and place in the icc box. Next morning warm in a frying pan. When proposed the becomes a human fortress. If he become

rendering a interest of the violin:

"With all the censure heaped upon it by an unappreciative public," he said, 'hash is, from a hygienic standpoint, the best way of serving food. This statement may seem incredible, but when we consider it a moment we realise the truthfulness of it. Most of us eat too rapidly, either from forgetfulness or in case of hurry, and the result is derangement of the stomach, which in time ends with dyspepsia.

"The homely American dish—corned beef hash—when properly prepared is very ac-

to back up his arguments and enlist influence in his behalf, so that the question might be settled in his favor. He was terribly in earnest.

The famous Senatorial hash was really Murrey's hash, served for years to political notables at the Capitol and lauded by them. He wrote of it, as he did of foods, with actual sentiment, as though he were rendering a melody on a well-loved violin:

At one time had a club where they entertained foreign notables, all wearing chefs' caps and aprons and preparing the menu themselves. They discovered a new way them to them than if they had discovered a new comet. They should have been pollicians, but it would have seemed too much like work.

Now work is fashionable, and every man is going into politics with the inter-

caps and aprens and preparing the menu themselves. They discovered a new way to cook terrapin, which was more important to them than if they had discovered a new comet. They should have been pollicians, but it would have seemed too much like work.

Now work is fashionable, and every man is going into politics with the intention of puritying them. What they really do is to cultivate large and discriminating appetites. They become rotund and heavy in weight. The cares of state add cubits to their waist lines. A fat man in Washington means a successful politician. It is a part of the game.

There's a certain dignity that goes with everything over two hundred pounds. We speak of such a one as a man of weight. He is. When he approaches three hundred he becomes a human fortress. If he were the proprietor of a brewery we would regard him with disgust. But as a politician he is imposting.

Young doctors are obliged to get married if they wish to succeed in their profession and young lawyers cultivate patriarchal heards. An actor must have a fur-lined overcoat. There are tricks in all trades. Mr. Fitzsimmons now alludes to his recent defeat as "my unfortunate faintling spell."

The trick of political power lies in accumulating pounds of solid flesh. The thin man can invent bulleons and submarines.

Let me have men about me that are fat:

Joum-Boum...From French of Jules Claretie

pale and feeble, lay | and him with the strange intentness winshe sick, who perceive what the thy cannot see.

Debt to Politicians.

speech and their Hyperion

mother, anxious and grief siken, stood at the foot of the bed. her lips to keep herself from ng, and looking sadly at the havoc ight by the illness on the poor, thin of the little boy. The father, an at artisan, strove hard to restrain urning tears.

June morning forcing its rays
the into the narrow chamber in the
des Abbesses, where little Franson of Jacques and Madeleine
and, lay dying. He was 7 years
less than three weeks ago he had
rosy and lively, blithe as a sparbut a fever had seized him and
brought him home from school y dawned clear and bright, a beaubrought him home from school heavy head and hot hands. Since had lain in his bed and some looking at the well polished lit-hoes carefully placed in a cor-

y his mother, he would cry his delirium. You may throw way. Little Francois will never on his shoes again! He will go nore to school-never any more!" en his father would beg him to be and his mother would bury her in the pillow so that Francois id not see her tears.

but for two days he had made ctor uneasy by a kind of pecudepression which looked like in-tence, as if, after only seven years' dence, the boy was already thred the He lay perfectly still and quiet, en they tried to make him take ling drink or a little beef tea he I not. He refused everything. you want anything, Francois?" his mother.

nothing. must draw him out of this." doctor; "this stupor makes me You are his father and mother uld know him well. Find out will revive him and bring ack to earth," and with this he

y to find out, indeed!" figures Legrand brought Francois free, gilt soldiers, shadow puzzles; ut them out, put them on the bed, made them dance before the little wandering eyes, trying to make

wandering eyes, trying to make laugh or even smile, though himfeeling more like crying.

ook, this is a general! Don't you ember we saw a general once in Bois de Boulogne? If you take r driak! will be a series of the later of Sois de Boulogne? If you take drink I will buy a real one with loth coat and gold epaulets ddn't you like to have a real gen-

said the child in his hourse

uld you like a little pistol, some es, or a cross bow?"
," repeated the little voice; and erything they said—to the dancacks and balloons they promised the replied "No. no."

At last little Francois sat up in bed and stretched out his arms, saying in a wistful yet imperative voice, "I want bourned by fever looked be- Bourn-Bourned by fever looked by fever looked

bewilderment. What was the child talking about? Was he delirous again? Boum-Boum? "Yes; Boum-Boum! I want Boum-

him a faint hope of release circus. He could still hear the

ter when the clown, in spangles of gold, with huge, many colored, sparkhe caught adroitly on his head, where they formed a pyramid, and who at each trick, each piece of buffonery

burst out into applause, and Francois and went away. So it as this Boum-Boum, the clown, little Francois wanted again," repeated

nervousness, entered the house of the artist in Mountmartre.
Was this Boum-Boum? This gentle-Jacques in his private room, among books, choice engravings and artistic furniture, which formed an exquisite

sign of the clown in this gentleman, and twisting his hat about between his

"I have come to ask a most unusual thing I beg your pardon, sir, but it is for my little boy's sake. Such a dear little chap, sir; always top of his class, except in sums. But he is a dreamer, and a proof of that is—"

The truth is, that he wants to see

band's hand, saying in a low voice, "What does he mean, Jacques?" On the father's rough face was a smile both happy and astonished, like the smile of a convict who sees before

Boum-Boum! How well he remem-bered that matinee on Easter Monday,

ling butterfly wings on his back, cut a few capers in the ring, tripped up a performer, or threw up to the chandeller some soft felt hats which uttered the same cry, accompanied by the rumble of the orchestra- Boum-

background for the charming per-

um-Boum! Madeleine looked at her husband in

The mother nervously seized her hus-

when he had taken Francois to the outburst of joy and his amused laugh-

Each time he performed the audience

That evening Legrand bought his son a jointed clown covered with spangles, which had cost him the wages of four working days. But what would he not have given to bring a smile to

Francois's pale lips?

The boy looked at the toy, glittering on the white counterpane, then said sadiy. "It's not Boum-Boum!" I do want to see Boum-Boum!"

Ah' if only Jacques could have wranged him to see Boun-Boum!

wrapped him up and carried him away to the circus, there to show him the clown dancing under the bright lights!
He did better, however. He went to
the circus, asked for the clown's address, and with legs trembling from

sonality of the man.

Jacques looked at him, seeing no

The other waited. Then the father explained:

Jacques stammered and hesitated; summoning his courage, said

the door! "Where do you live?" asked Boum-'O, quite near! In the Rue des Abbesses.

"Come along, then. Your boy wants to see Boum-Boum? Well, he is going to see him!" When the door opened before the

clown Jacques Legrand cried joyiusly to his son: "Now you'll be happy, Francols, Look! Here is Boum-Boum!"

The child looked up with a glad face. He raised himself on his mother's arm and turned his head toward the two men, looked for a moment at the gentleman beside his father, and searched the kind face which smiled at

him, but which he did not know. But when they said, "This is Boum-Boum," he fell back slowly and sadly on to the pillow, with fixed eyes staring

beyond them.
"No," said the boy, in a disconsolate voice; "no, this is not Boum-Boum." The clown, standing beside the little infinite tenderness at the face of the little sufferer. He nodded his head, looked at the anxious father and griefstricken mother, said, smiling, quite right; this is not Boum-Boum,"

"I shall never see Boum-Boum again," repeated the little one, who was now talking in a vacant way; "perhaps Boum-Boum will be there where I am

But suddenly-scarcely half an hour since the clown had left them—the door opened and there, in his tights and spangles, the yellow tuft of hair on his head, the gilt butterfly on his back, a great smile, like the slot of a money box, on his jolly, powdered face, stood Boum-Boum—the real Boum-Boum; Boum-Boum of the circus, the favorite of the people, little Francois's Boum-

Boum! On his little white bed the child clapped his thin little hands, the joy of life in his eyes, laughing, happy, and saved, crying out:
"Bravo! It is Boum-Boum this time!

Dear Boum-Boum! Long live Boum-Boum! Good day, Boum-Boum!" When the doctor returned later on he found, seated at Francois's bedside, a clown with a white face, who was mak ing the little chap laugh and laugh again. As he stirred a piece of sugar in a glass of medicine the clown said: "Now, you know, if you don't drink this, little Francois, Boum-Boum will

never come again. And the child drank it.

"Isn't it nice?"

"Very nice, thank you, Boum-Boum."

"Doctor," said the clown to the physician, "don't be fealous. It seems to me that my grimaces do him as much good as your prescriptions."

The father and mother were crying, but this time it was for joy.

Until little Francols was able to walk

again a carriage stopped every day be-fore the workman's house in the Ru-des Abbesses, and a man with a comi-The truth is, that he wants to see you, sir, he thinks only of you, as of a star which he wants to have."

When he had finished the father was pale and his brow was wet. He did not dare to look at the clown, who was standing with his eyes fixed on the if it were a secret.

The truth is, that he wants to see you, as of a star which he wants to have."

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The truth is, that he wants to see you, sir, he thinks only of you, as of a star which he wants to have."

When he had finished the father was pale and his brow was wet. He did not dare to look at the clown, who was standing with his eyes fixed on the workman's house in the Kur and a man with a comical powdered face got out, wrapped in a long overcoat, with the collar turned up, and under it a circus costume.

"What can we give you, sir," said Jacques Legrand, at last, when Franciscal powdered face got out, wrapped in a long overcoat, with the collar turned up, and under it a circus costume.

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"What can we give you, sir," said Jacques Legrand, at last, when Franciscal powdered face got out, wrapped in a long o

Then, dropping two kisses on the once more rosy cheeks of the little boy, he said, laughing, "And permission to put on my visiting cards: Boum - Boum, physician - clown medical adviser to little Francois!

Racing Mice Excite Paris

Paris has a new sport; a steeplechase race between white mice. ready in four of the big resorts Paris the mouse steeplechase is one of the exciting events of the evening, and

three or four races are run. Circular tracks, some over 100 yards in length, are built around the walls of the resorts. The track itself is of soft wood-while the sides and top are of glass, so that the spectators may watch the mice fly around the big track twice before they can enter the chute where are piles of cheese as their re-ward—or rather the reward of the win-ner, for as soon as the leading mouse has completed the course and shot into the chute where his reward awaits him, the starter (who also is the stopper) drops a glass door, and the others are shut out from the goal and

forced to go hungry until they can get into some company that they can beat. The race itself is as exciting as a race between horses, for the mice are trained to the minute and schooled to racing. Trainers work with them for bours each day teaching them the game, and some of them have become so speedy and so brainy at the game that lesperate struggles for the honors and

the cheese result from the races. In one race—the Grand Prix—recent-ly run over the 120-yards course in a place near the Rue Dauphine, nine of the best mice in Paris were entered. The nine—each with a number on cloth sewed around his body—were brought out in a glass cage and placed on the table near the starting point.

For fifteen minutes the spectators looked at the contestants and wagered their money. Three had come from one hall on the opposite side of the Seine and three from a rival establishment rear by. Each establishment, therefore, was represented by three mice and each entry was heavily backed. The odds remained steady, despite the betting, and the favorite—one of the smallest of the nine—and No. 7 sold at 3 to 5, while No. 2—the longest

shot in the race—sold at 9 to 5. Finally a bell rang, the glass box was placed inside the track, where it exactly fitted, and as the flag fell the front end of the glass box was dropped by a spring. Instantly the nine mice leaped forward as if propelled by some great force, with No. 4 in the lead and the others running in a close bunch behind close to the inside rail.

At the fourth jump No. 1 was leading by three feet, and the others were stringing out, still racing desperately

No. 4 racing neck and neck down the

and 4 hurtled against it.

The eight beaten mice, with drooping heads, walked slowly to their cage, while No. 3 munched cheese until time have had a keener understanding of the wild fourney which lasted ninety-seven days kindreds."—Charles G. D. Roberts, in "The Return to the Trails."

The Return to the Trails."

Tecent voyage of a sailing vessel—a three divides of the wild fourney which lasted ninety-seven days with lasted ninety-seven days with lasted ninety-seven days with lasted ninety-seven days the captain which lasted ninety-seven days are the captain to the Trails." for the next race. The time for the 240 yards over eight jumps was seven

and one-fifth seconds Recent Views of Women

"Women, doubtless, , . . . speaking generally, God made for different pur-poses, to fulfill different needs of the man for whom woman is the helpmeet Some are made for sympathy, some for the one use, some for the other, and some, there is not the slightest doubt an evil mood and did not want his creation to be too happy. That is the only explanation of a good many of them." --Horace G. Hutchinson, in "Two -Horace G. Ht Moods of a Man."

"In the beginning, when (Twashtri (the Hindoo Vulcan, sometimes spoken of as the Creator) came to the creation of women he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows: the rotundity of the moon and the curves of the creepers, and the clinging of the tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the taper-ing of the elephant's trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering rows of bees (Hindoo poets see a resemblance between rows of bees and eye glances), and the joyous gayety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of fire and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooling of the kokila (the Indian cuckoo), and the hypocrisy of the crane (the crane is the Indian byword for inward villainy and sanctimonious exterior), and the fidelity of the chakrawka (or Brahman drake, which is fabled to pass the night sorrowing for the absence of his mate. she for him), and compounding all these together, he made woman and gave her to man."—F. W. Bain, in "A Digit of the Moon and Other Love Stories from the Hindoo."

"A man will stand close to his com-rade in the days of his glory and in the press of battle, but it is the squaw who keeps the fallen shield freship painted and the cause of the departed ever before the matters of the present day. A man must have the represent A man must have the reward of his friend's praise and the joy of his companionship; but a woman makes a god of the departed spirit and looks for her reward beyond the red gates."-Theodore Roberts, in "Brothers of

For this is the nature of woman that they make light of what they have and sigh for what they have not. This is the nature of woman, that they love to torment their lover and re-fuse him what they most of all them-selves desire."-F. W. Baln, in "A Digit

of the Moon. "This rule does not apply to women, no rules do."-Richard Fisguill, in "The lect by nightfall, You say, 'But the

Dust on the Ocean.

"To talk of a 'dusty' ocean highway ounds absurd, but the expression is perfectly accurate," states a writer. Everyone who is familiar with ships knows that, no matter how carefully table fiber are frequently found in this the decks may be washed in the morning, a great quantity of dust will col- Korea Daily News

stretch to the final jump, which they took as a team, then, like a flash, No. 3 went to the front and shot into the now open cheese chute a foot ahead, the door snapping shut just as No. 1 about women than he did he would collect more dust than a steamer. On a was a man of scientific tastes and made careful observations, but could not solve the mystery. Some, no doubt, comes from the wear and tear on the salls and rigging, but that accounts for only a small portion. To add to the mystery, bits of cork, wood and vege-

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